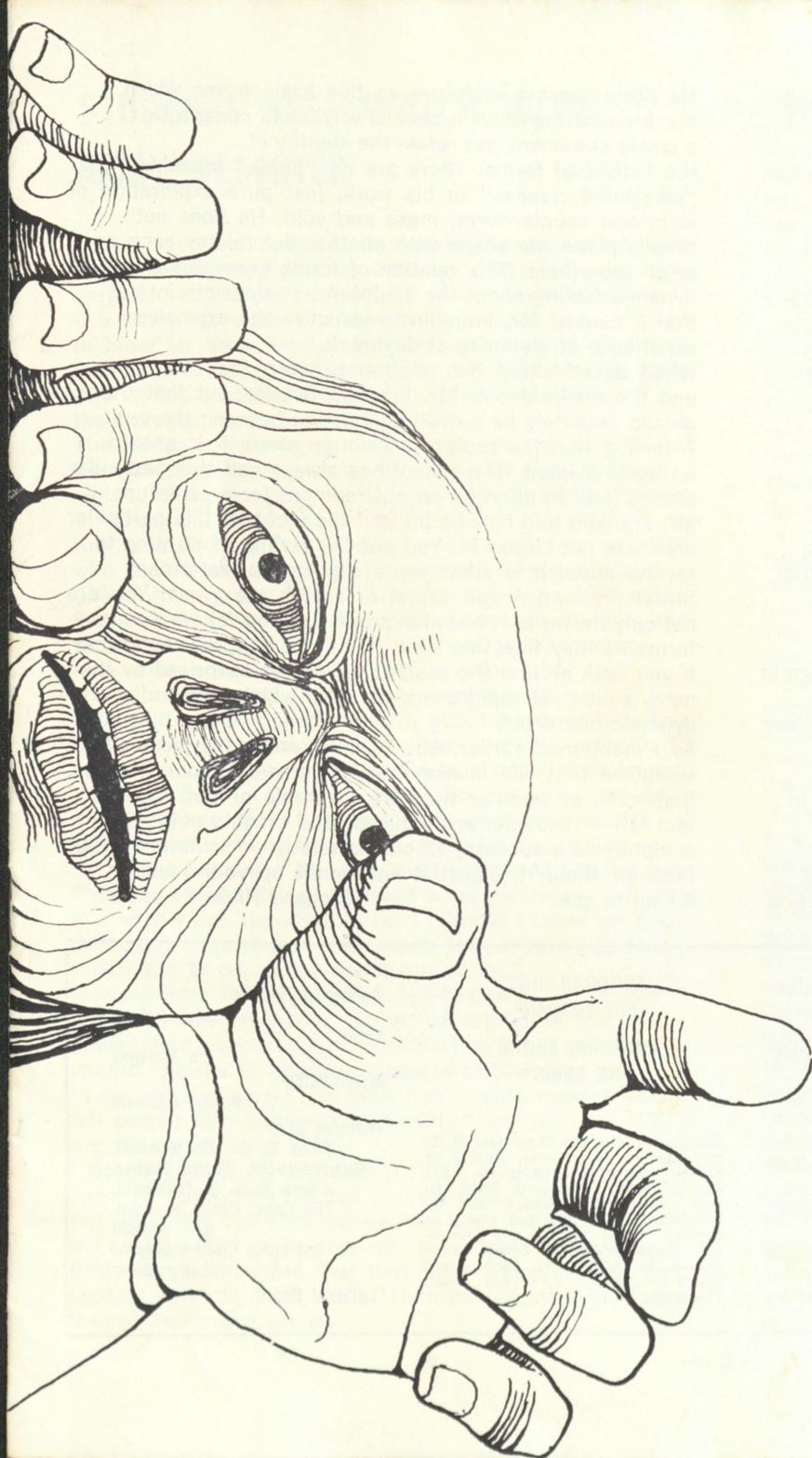




BLOCKPRINT

SOMETHING SMELLS ROTTEN AGAIN

The cost of producing Blockprint, that is, the actual printing of thirty issues a year, amounts to an even \$9,000.00 a year. This Tuesday the Student Council will try to pass a budget which will give \$9,100.00 for the cost of running this paper; \$50.00 per semester to run the largest business venture of the Student Council. \$50.00 to run a business?

A rotten smell from last year is seeping in again through the cracks of mis-information on the part of the Student Council.

The Editors

FRANKLIN FEEDS RISD

Gilbert A. Franklin, a former RISD student and now head of the Fine Arts department, has skillfully created another sculpture which will undoubtedly be the cause of and target for an endless stream of comment and criticism. The sculpture entitled *Daybreak* was commissioned by Mrs. Murray S. Danforth and given to the School of Design in memory of her late husband.

Seen purely from the technological point of view, the piece was cast in bronze, is twelve and one-half feet high (excluding the base) and took two and one-half years to complete. Mr. Franklin worked on the final casting in Rome using a model one-fifth the size of his completed work.

One can see from viewing Mr. Franklin's sculpture that he is primarily interested in form relation and interaction.

He describes his sculpture as five basic forms which are brought together in such a way as to constitute a single statement, yet retain the identity of the individual forms. There are no "hidden meanings" or "concealed clauses" in his work, just pure exploration of form and counter-form, mass and void. He does not merely place one shape with another but relates each one to all the others. This relation of forms generates a dynamic feeling about the sculpture, so dynamic in fact that it caused Mr. Franklin to visualize the explosive experience of a sunrise at daybreak.

When asked about the relation between the sculpture and the environment, Mr. Franklin pointed out that there should definitely be a deep connection between the two. A feeling that the sculpture belongs where it is should be made evident. The school has always had this particular plot of land in mind as an environment for a sculpture. Mr. Franklin told how he utilized the fact that this particular area was not closed in. You get the feeling of wanting to revolve about it whether you are going up Waterman Street or down Angell Street or across the grass. You are not only drawn to it but also around it. You follow the forms as they flow into each other and support each other. If you walk around the sculpture, you are surprised by the many subtle yet rapid changes, all of which lend to its dynamic character.

As I mentioned earlier, Mr. Franklin created a piece of sculpture that will invoke many comments and criticisms. Regardless of whether they are favorable or not, the fact is — reactions are induced, and on this point the sculpture is a success, all else is relative. "Sculpture is but food for thought, digest it and vomit up your reaction for all to see."

Richard Hicks



BLOCKPRINT

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STUDENTS KEEP WATCH WITH ARMY DESERTER

50 plainclothes FBI agents and local police officers entered Boston University School of Theology's Marsh Chapel and dragged away Raymond Kroll, 19, who had deserted the U.S. Army and taken sanctuary in the chapel.

In order to reach Kroll, the agents had to push across, around and through the bodies of several hundred students who formed a non-resisting but substantial blockade to their progress.

The students, their number sometimes as great as 700, had been keeping watch, waiting for them, for five days and nights, to register their own protest against the military from which they, too, are escaping.

Kroll and Thomas Pratt, a deserter from the Marine Corps who had served 13 months in Vietnam, came to Marsh Chapel the morning of Oct. 1. At the close of a Methodist Service held there, they asked the assembled students and faculty members of the School of Theology for asylum.

In a press conference later that morning, they told students and reporters why they were deserters.

Kroll said he had joined the army about a year ago; he had been arrested for underage drinking, and the judge told him the charges against him would be dropped if he joined the army. Once in the army, he worked for a few months as clerk-typist. Just after the King assassination he was sent to Fort Benning Georgia, to train for riot control.

"It was at Benning," he said, "that I began to see the army. This was the real thing — it was more machines, and that was what I was supposed to be. I realized I could not take part in an organization that bends you, shapes you and molds you to be what it wants you to be."

Quoting from Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience," Kroll said he had taken sanctuary "to let the army and the government know they cannot control my life," and they cannot use me to oppress a people in Vietnam.

"I choose sanctuary," he said, "so I could make a stand, tell people how servicemen feel about the war . . . they are fed up with the war."

"Morale has fallen off since the TET offensive in January. Until then GIs felt the war would be over soon, but when TET came we felt we had been lied to and that the enemy could strike back with great force at any time." Both men emphasized that they were willing to take the consequences for their action. Both wanted to be discharged through military channels.

The chances for discharge are probably better for Pratt, who left the chapel after a day and a night, and "on the advice of his lawyer" turned himself in to authorities. For Kroll, who only recently joined the army and has no war record, a discharge order seems more unlikely. If the army decides to press charges against him, he can be tried for desertion (and serve as much as 10 years in prison) or prosecuted for being absent without leave (AWOL) and spend up to one year in a military stockade.

While Kroll waited for military police or federal agents to come and take him away, he was joined by hundreds of BU theology and liberal arts students. More than 500 spent the first night in the chapel with the two deserters; several hundred stood watch continually the rest of the week.

The church and the group became a sanctuary for many of the students; the gatherings had, to many observers, almost "a religious atmosphere" themselves. Boston churches have been temporary asylums for more than 10 draft resisters and deserters in recent months, but never before has the university community been so affected.

The students who spent hours or days in the chapel and who developed strong emotional ties with their "community" passed part of their time debating ways of bringing their concern with the army, the draft and Vietnam to the attention of more students, faculty members and Boston citizens. Some wanted to demand that the university abolish military ROTC programs or ban recruiting by military agencies on campus.

At a meeting held Sunday night, after Kroll had been taken away and the chapel vacated, most of the students agreed that they wanted to set up a permanent sanctuary in Marsh Chapel for fugitives from the draft and the army. Such "sanctuaries" are no longer refuges from authority as they were in Biblical or medieval times. Then churches could not be entered by police or military officials, and fugitives were safe from prosecution and apprehension as long as they stayed inside the walls.

In this country the police and military do not hold that custom; neither, for that matter, do the churches. The "sanctuary" would probably serve for most deserters or resisters the way it did for Kroll and Pratt — a place to make public their protest against the military and to gain support from sympathizers.

BU's Dean of Marsh Chapel, Robert Hamill, personally endorsed the use of the chapel as a permanent sanctuary for a limited number of persons at a time. The office of the Resistance in New England opposed the setting up of another ad hoc group at the university for the purpose

because it saw such a move as "a splintering, not a unifying, device."

The BU administration was unusually silent during the whole week's activity. An official spokesman said the university "trusted its students," and would neither support nor condemn the use of the chapel as an asylum. According to student observers, that silence meant fear of causing "another Columbia" by some action last week.

LETTERS

Dear Blockprint,

The Blockprint office in the SAO Building isn't even a nice place to visit, let alone work. I recently visited the Blockprint office and was upset at seeing the poor working conditions that existed. If I hadn't seen members of the staff swatting flies with one hand and typing as best they could with the other, I would have thought that I was in Perry's Junk Shop seeing shoppers wading through heaps of debris. Besides the drone of fruit and house flies, the floor was covered with butts, and several layers of dirt, which must have accumulated over years of neglect.

I urge the people in charge of buildings and grounds to fill at least one of the four janitor vacancies and have the Blockprint office cleaned regularly. Prompt action must be taken to make the Blockprint office a decent place to work in. Who knows what dreaded diseases are lurking in the unswept corners of the office?

Chris Johansen

IN SYMPATHY

Blockprint would like to express its deepest sympathy to Governor and Mrs. Chafee on the tragic loss of their daughter.

The Editors

WAR IN PIECES

It is hard to review War and Peace, having only seen a small segment of it. You see, it is one thing to call part of a flick a whole flick, and another to see the real nitty-gritty. So in order to understand and/or appreciate War and Peace, it is first necessary to understand and/or

appreciate the American way of life. As we all know, we are a bunch of nuclear-narcoid clock-obeying paranoids. Like, who's got time to see the original 8 hr. Russian version, I mean we got shit to DO. We gotta wait for the H-bomb, and we gotta keep truckin' on down the line, hey boparee bop.

Everyone knows this, so the Walter Reade Organization gave to Sidney Katz the Immense Task of editing the film down to an epic 3 hrs. So whether you like it or not, you get to see a castrated epic, so horribly dubbed that acting becomes non-existent, and with such abrupt scene changes due to editing that only lightning quick minds like Bob Kreewee's could dare account for them.

Most of the fat patricians sitting in on the famed CLOSED SHOWING thought that they were seeing real HOT SHIT. What most of them didn't know was that they were missing about five hours of the movie. Undoubtedly most wouldn't have the stamina to last thru the big 8, and even those who did, wouldn't have time anyhow.

Reputedly the film is about the effects of Napoleon's Russian campaign on the lives of 4 Russian families, however, all becomes lost in that senses staggering edition and thru the magic of Cinerama. Aside from an occasional use of photography, the only parts worth seeing are one scene where thru the leaves of a tree can be seen telephone wires and another where my friend Don said he heard the drone of an aircraft, but he doesn't hear too good so I don't believe him. That's all, folks, a little war, a little peace, and too little time.

KARBONIK

AT HOME WITH MUSKIE

Saturday October 12, Senator Muskie came to Providence to help Rhode Islanders celebrate Columbus Day. Hoping to exchange a few words with the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, I went to the parade and began asking if there would be a press conference. Security men, Democratic campaigners, and even the desk manager at the Sheraton Biltmore assured me that they didn't know anything. I wasn't surprised when Senator Muskie's press conference took place at 2:30 in the Biltmore.

Around 1 P.M. I finally found a newsman who directed me to the press room. A large balding man kindly gave me a press card for the conference. Since I was now official, I thought it would be appropriate if I put on a coat and tie. On the way I began to think about the manner in which the Yuppies forced the Chicago police to show their true

colors. The security men had been giving me the run-around I assumed because of my appearance. I decided to confront the Secret Service to see if they would tell their real story.

Toward this end I changed into a steel blue double breasted sport coat with padded shoulders and wide lapels, a fat red tie, and a broad brimmed hat. As I walked into the hotel, a group of dressed up socialites gazed at me in horror. Within 30 seconds a security man (Secret Service) began to question me. He told me that I was a "security risk" because I did not have "national press clearance." The press card I received twenty minutes earlier was useless. I was politely escorted to the door and told to leave.

I stood outside on the sidewalk and immediately a security man asked what I was doing. I related my story. The ensuing conversation accomplished what I wanted. The Secret Service, security, or establishment, what every you call them, proves that America has a long way to go.

"You know, son, if you'd go over there and get a haircut, we'd let you right in! You go around looking like a criminal and we won't ever let you in." He looked down at the button on my lapel. "I see you're boycotting grapes, how come?" I answered by saying that I felt that the grape growers were using unfair or illegal labor practices. To this the security man replied, "It doesn't make any difference, they're all 'Wetbacks' (derogatory term for Mexican-Americans) anyway." True to character, the man refused to give his name or identify his employer.

I finally spied the man who gave me the press card and he got me into the press conference without any more harrassment. As I sat quietly waiting for the affair to start, another security man asked me to show him how my camera folds up. He thought there was a gun in it. The conference itself was not worth reporting. It was at best boring and anticlimatic. I wasn't surprized when I wasn't recognized to ask a question. He may not have been able to see me because I was sitting in the middle of the third row. I also wasn't surprized to learn that I had been tailed by the Secret Service after I enquired about the press conference.

After being harried all afternoon, one begins to ask himself disturbing questions. How can racists enforce laws based on the inherent equality of all. Why do law enforcers refuse to give their names? What do they have to hide? Why is it that conformity is the password to inclusion in the

political process? Are the actions of the Chicago police and Mayor Daley *really* unbelievable? Unfortunately, the answers to these questions are self-evident.

What happened to me at the Biltmore is inconsequential. What is important is that the Secret Service proved itself to be discriminatory and perhaps un-American. Most Americans are frightened by Nazi Storm Troopers; why aren't the same people disturbed with the Secret Service? Can you really trust the kind of security provided by the Secret Service?

Joe Traugott







KEEPING BIAFRA ALIVE

This Thursday night, October 24, the Rhode Island School of Design Committee to End the Suffering in Eastern Nigeria has organized a voluntary student fast for dinnertime. This is not a fast wherein you are expected not to eat, but, rather to buy your dinner elsewhere than the refectory. For each meal-contract-picture that is not turned in, the management of the refectory has agreed to pay the monetary value of the food to a fund which will then be sent, along with contributions, to the UNICEF, Nigeria/Biafra Relief Fund.

This is not an original or unique idea. It has been done before at other schools and with great success. And so at a school like RISD, where we feel ourselves to be sensitive and concerned youth, there is no reason why it can't meet with even greater success here. The committee hopes for widespread participation. If, for any reason; health or otherwise, a student cannot afford to miss dinner, there should be no reason to feel guilty. However, if they still wish to contribute, along with those who don't eat by meal contract, Committee members will be stationed outside of the refectory to receive contributions.

The Committee

Student Council Agenda

For Tue., October 22 — 7 pm 412 College Building

1. Proposals of the Social Committee on admittance of new clubs and review of old clubs.
2. Report of the Publications Committee.
3. Report on the Columbus Day Dance.
4. Financial Committee's proposed budget review and voting.
5. New Business



Photo by Jay Langfitt

COLUMBUS NIGHT DANCE

Friday night I went to the refectory and stood up on the balcony and watched all the fun things going on down below, because at first I balked at the price of one fish. The "American Dream" were grooving it out; the electric rythmes were zwomping and the pure DC sound bwang and backraunch digging the gyrating mass surrounding them out of their minds. A good group; not a great group, but a very good group. It was hard to tell who wasn't there; it seemed as if everyone was wearing black, white, blue, or orange. It must have been the seasonal lighting. Said the keeper of the lettus, "This beats anything we put on last year." That decided me; I bought my way down and joined the appointed crowd. In the process my non-writing hand got stamped with a rubber lable reading something like "manager". On the floor they were all doing their personal thing, each individually reacting to the static sound. We had a moment of meditation (that was fun), and then an over-long intermission. There was nothing to do except gather at the bar for a refill and take a look around. A number of Brownies made it inside; you could tell them by their crewcuts and sweaters. The R.I.-S.D. kids were differentiated by their long hair, jeans, and watchchains. The party ended all to soon sometime after midnight, and suddenly lights went on that we hadn't seen for six hours. In all truth, the "American Dream" has a welcome sound, and we could do with them again.



Photo by Lyn Whitaker

OAKES on the HILL

—artists' materials—

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PUBLIC SEX...

A huge crane dwarfed the 4,000 pound phallic symbol which would soon grace the front lawn. The crane moaned as it inched the giant sculpture toward its mark. Workmen strained as they guided the steel appendage to the hole in the granite torso. Slowly the monster entered its mate. The crane manipulated the sculpture until the fit was perfect. Hundreds of students gasped as the feat was accomplished. The united couple stands for all to see as a lasting monument to man's creativity.

Joe Traugott

Rev. Bill England
Mr. Michael Fink
Mr. Thomas (History Professor — Brown)

YOUR ROLE: Drink in the atmosphere of discussion.

Throw questions (especially on state issues; there are MANY!)

Bring your friends.

A special invitation is extended to teachers.

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ELECTION SPEAKOUT

PLACE: RISD REFECTORY

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TIME: 8 P.M.

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CALENDAR

MONDAY, October 21

7:00 p.m. Homer Lg. — Sailing Club Meeting.

7:00 p.m. Gym — Basketball; Alumni Team.

8:00 p.m. Election Speakout. Sponsored by RISD Students Comm.

TUESDAY, October 22

12:00 noon. Gym — Dance Class.

7:30 p.m. 412 — Student Council Meeting.

7:30 p.m. 425 — Peace & Freedom Comm. Mtg.

8:30 p.m. Tennis Club; Sign up at SAO.

8:30 p.m. RISD Aud. — Chamber Mu-

sic Concert — Brazilian String Quart.

WEDNESDAY, October 23

3:00 p.m. Mem Hall — Arch Dept. Mr. N. Negroponte, speaker. Films on computers.

5:30 p.m. Gym — John Field Dance Class.

7:00 p.m. Student Lg. — Newman Club meeting.

7:00 p.m. Gym — Mime Class.

8:00 p.m. Boy's Club: Swimming.

THURSDAY, October 24

12:00 noon Gym — Dance Class.

7:30 p.m. Mem Hall — Film; "Grapes of Wrath".

FRIDAY, October 25

12:00 noon Gym — Mime Class.

SATURDAY, October 26

7:15 p.m. Meehan Aud. — Hockey Scrimmage.

SUNDAY, October 27

2:30 p.m. Mem Hall — Museum Films "Aesop's Fables", Newsreels of the Twenties, & "The Jazz Singer".

7:00 p.m. Meehan Audit. — Hockey Practice.

7:00 p.m. Upper Refectory — Catholic Mass.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

General meeting for all interested in playing soccer once or twice a week this semester. No experience necessary. 7:00 pm Wednesday, Oct. 23, Student

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Lounge, College Building. Please sign up on one of the soccer sign-up sheets posted in all buildings.

Sound Workshop; every Tuesday at 4:30 in CB 432. Sing and you'll feel better.

Wednesday, Oct. 23; 3-5:00 p.m. Mem Hall movie show.

Nicholas Negroponte, Assistant Prof.

of Architecture at M.I.T. will be speak on Artificial Design Intelligence; a prelude to the dialogue between architects

& intelligent machines, using examples such as Urban 5 and related works using 3 synchronized movie projectors.

EVENINGS AT 7:30 & 9:30
SAT. & SUN. Cont. From 1:30

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SUNDAY — continuous performances at
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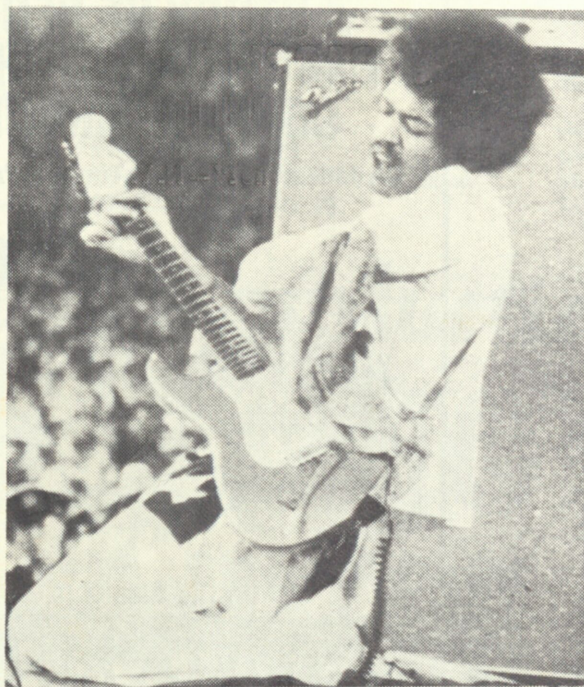


PHOTO BY LYN WHITAKER